

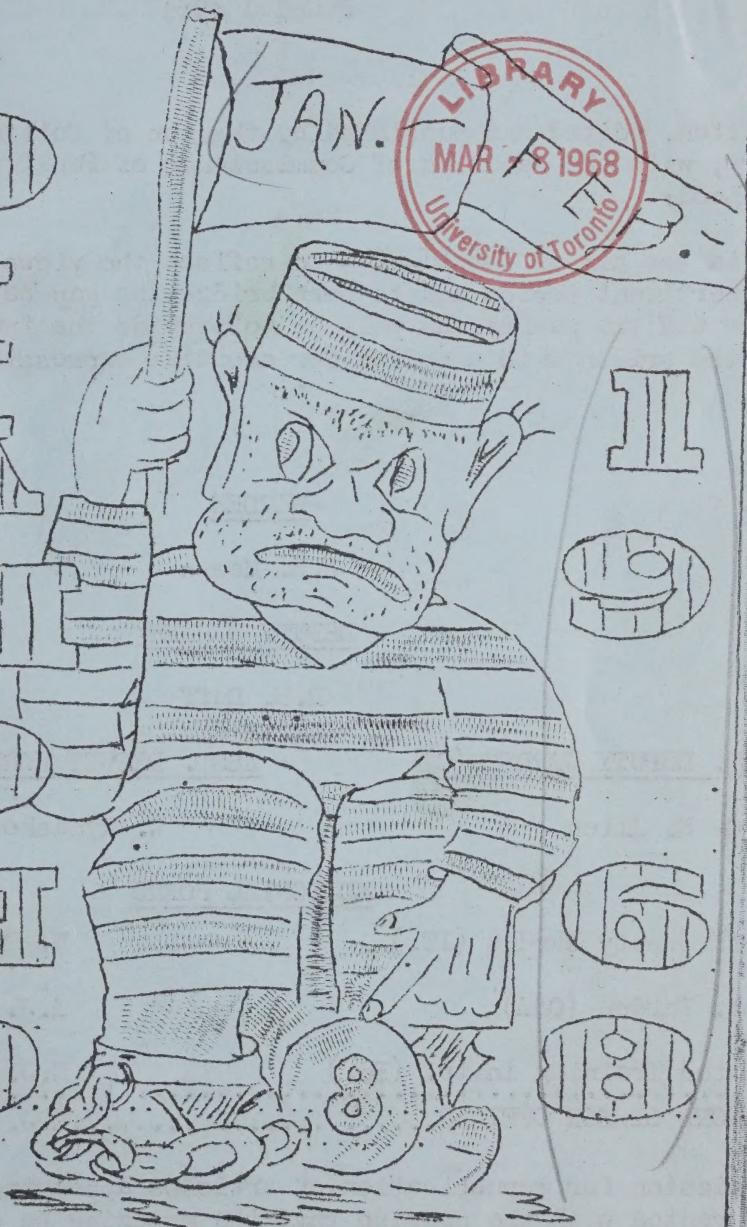
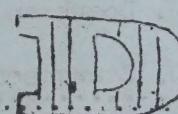
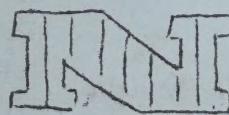
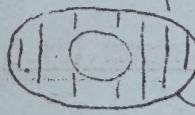
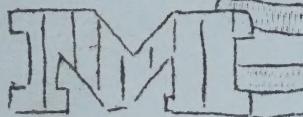
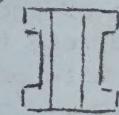
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Jan/Feb.



PERIODICALS READING ROOM  
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and published by the men of Collins Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Alan J. MacLeod.

It is the aim of THE DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide the inmate population of the prison with a medium for creative expression.

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ASST. DEPUTY WARDEN (IT.)

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Volume 18 ----- Number 1 ----- Jan. &amp; Feb. 1968.

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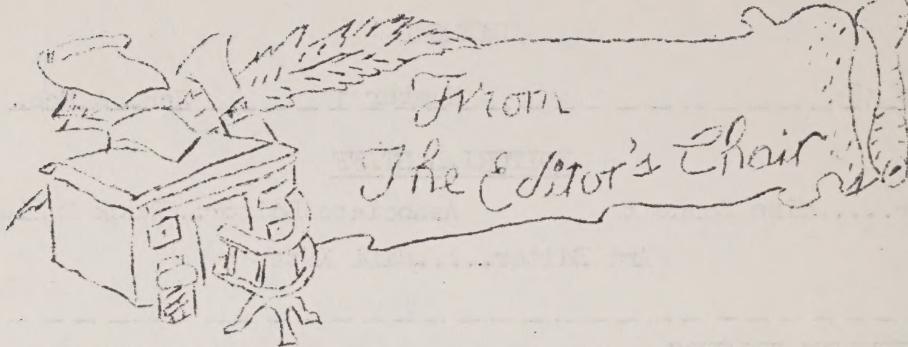
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# CONTENTS

	<u>PAGE</u>
From the Editor's Chair	2
Red Cross	4
Editorial	5
The Rise and Fall of Arthur Crimp	7
Read This	12
Sports	14
Our Requirements	17
Bachelor's Dictionary	18
Mind Binders	19
Crossword Puzzle	20 & 21
Did You Know?	22
Poetry	23
"Deuces"	26
Read What Others Say	27
Laffin' Matter	29
The Swinger	30
Found in the Mailbox	33
Books	35
Music	37
Crossword Answers	40
Answers to Mind Binders	40



This month's magazine, as you have probably already noticed is a double dated issue, January and February. This was done to enable us to put out a magazine on a regular monthly basis again commencing with the March issue. I, and the rest of the staff realize that the Christmas issue was extremely late but we ran into quite a few printing difficulties. We hope to avoid this sort of problem in the future by building up a backlog of material so that if such a situation crops up again we will have sufficient material on hand to put a paper together just a bit sooner and avoid the delay.

This is where we would appreciate the assistance and comments of the inmate body. We are always looking for suitable material written by persons other than members of the Editorial Staff, and in any field, fiction, non-fiction, essays or poetry. Another thing that would be of great help to us in putting out a better paper is any comments you might have as to the suitability and interest of articles we are now printing and any suggestions as to improvement, either by writing more on certain topics or by adding articles of general interest. While we certainly try our best, we have no way of knowing what interests and entertains you unless you tell us. You should keep in mind that this is your paper and as such should represent the talents and views of the majority as much as possible. So, if you have any comments, suggestions or articles, place them in the DIAMOND box on the Strip or convey them to any member of the staff.

Right now I'd like to mention the fact that the guy who was writing the book reviews, Charles Day, left on a parole. I was very glad to see him make the parole as he deserved one but his scribbling will be sorely missed. In addition to reviewing the books, Charley wrote some fine fiction, the last of which appears in this edition.

He was a very good person to do time with. The year I spent with him in the Library before I got this job was a lot of laughs and Charley was the main cause. Indeed at times, he was the only source of levity.

Best of luck on the street Charley, and I hope you make it out there with no trouble.

Seems like I can't keep anyone working on a column permanently anymore. Last month due to the fact that the titles of the movies could not be confirmed and also due to Bob Glover being tied up with courses there was no MOVIE column. The same is also true of this month. With luck Bob will be back next month and I hope he will be able to keep it up from now on. It's sure a better column because I am a complete failure as a movie reviewer. I still have a hard time remembering that Mae West isn't a life preserver. Of course, from the pictures I've seen of her she looked pretty well preserved to me.

Commencing next month we hope to re-start our columns on the vocational shops here at Collins Bay. We have missed a few issues now on account of there being so many changes that we were unable to get around and gather material.

Most of our problems have been pretty well ironed out and our main interest now is to improve the magazine as much as possible from month to month.

---

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Brings us farther than to-day.

LONGFELLOW

\* \*

A thing that nobody believes cannot be proved too often.

G.B. SHAW

\* \*

# REDEEMER CROSS

The Red Cross Blood Donor's Clinic from Ottawa was here at the institution on the 8th and 9th of January. It had been slightly longer than six months from their previous visit and I guess everybody must have missed them as there was a very good turnout on both days.

Monday got off to a slow start because the Red Cross personnel arrived around noon as they had been delayed in Smith's Falls. During the first afternoon there was about 109 pints of blood donated.

Tuesday morning the clinic was a going concern right from the start and kept up at good rate until the end. The Farm Annex inmates came over around one o'clock and they had almost a 50% turnout from over there which was excellent. Looks like, while most of us are quite eager to seize our pound of flesh there is also a great majority who are willing to donate their pint of blood.

The total at the end was 326 pints of blood donated with seven additional persons who attempted to donate, however, they were turned down for medical reasons. It was a very good turnout and one that was appreciated by the Red Cross.

The committee members and their helpers were quite noticeably out in the gymnasium and they did a fine job, starting with setting up the beds, then keeping the refreshments flowing smoothly. They also pitched in and helped the Red Cross dismantle all their equipment on Tuesday evening.

.....

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

Shakespeare, Henry V.

# EDITORIAL

The main topic of discussion in penology circles today seems to be that concerning the segregation of the young offenders from the older and supposedly more hardened criminal type. The way things are progressing, there doesn't seem to be any need for such a step. Using this institution as an example, it would be best to leave things as they are and the administrations aims will soon be filled.

There is a marked tendency nowadays for the younger inmates to associate mainly with their contemporaries and the same is rapidly becoming true in regards to the older inmates. This is leading to a situation where there will be next to no contact between the two age groups and thus no exchange of ideas, feelings or viewpoints. It appears that the inmates themselves are practicing a form of voluntary segregation.

At one time the older inmates were willing to associate with and try to help anyone when they first came into the institution. The convicts as a whole tended to stick together in a body, with the same ideas, values, and with a stricter code. In the past few years the situation has rapidly disappeared through a lack of communication, a change of values, and a different outlook on life on the part of the majority of the younger inmates.

Another tendency of some inmates is that of forming tight little cliques with the alleged aim of sticking together and looking out for the best interests of each other and not bothering with the rest of their fellow inmates interests. In addition to the fact that this leads to dissension, what with one group trying to get more than the next of any good thing that comes along, in the end it also turns into a pipe dream. What each member of a clique is generally really looking out for is the best for him, I, me, and not his fellows. There is so much competition, even among so-called

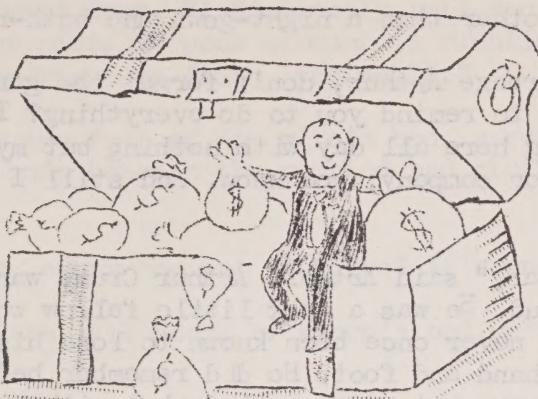
friends that a clique is virtually self defeating. The only way it would work is for everyone in the prison complex to work together for the good of all with their goal being to acquire everything possible that will help the majority of the people incarcerated in the prison do their time. After all, every criminal is actually in the same boat, outcasts from society. That is one cry heard very often from prisoners: "Why does society disown us, it isn't right?" Yet, within the prison society itself there are people regarded as outcasts, perhaps on account of their offense, their actions, or even their appearance. While some things are inexcusable and unforgivable, the way to a solution doesn't lie in trying to get the best for yourself or your own little circle and forgetting about the rest the greater majority of whom are no better or no worse than yourself. Much better is to try to get the best for everyone. True, there will be some that benefit that don't deserve it but this is true in any community and perhaps it will tend to make these people change and be just a little bit better. After all, everyone must be open to change or else what hope can be held out to any criminal. If society did not accept the possibility of change in man's social behaviour what is there to stop them from deciding to lock up all criminals and leave them there, saying: "They'll never change, so why let them out?"

Nowadays, with the emphasis on rehabilitation there is a lack of constructive thinking among the prisoners themselves. For the most part they either cannot or will not stop and think things out logically and draw a sensible conclusion.

Actually the whole thing can be put in a nutshell. What has led to the present situation is that everyone seems to have forgotten one very ancient albeit very important premise. While it is one of the edicts of the Lord there is no reason for its having to be practiced by religious persons only, as it is actually a very simple yet profound piece of knowledge, the truth of which can be seen by anyone possessed of a logically reasoning mind.

This truth is very simply: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Think it over.



# THE BES<sup>3</sup> AND<sup>W</sup> OF ARTHUR CRUMP CHAS<sup>a</sup>, DAY

"It's raining Arthur, wear your rubbers. And Arthur, please try to get home early tonight. You know how upset my stomach gets if I don't eat right at six o'clock. Oh, and Arthur, bring me another cup of tea."

This was Flora Crump, Arthur Crump's invalid wife. Two years ago, Flora had suffered a mild coronary attack and had not been out of bed since. It seemed much longer than two years to poor Arthur. In fact, he could scarcely remember when he had seen Flora dressed

in anything other than a night-gown and bath-robe.

"The garbage Arthur, don't forget the garbage. Why is it, Arthur, I have to remind you to do everything? It's not easy for me Arthur, lying here all day with nothing but my magazines and the television for company, you know. And still I have to do all your thinking."

"Yes dear," said Arthur. Arthur Crump was as unpretentious as Flora was loud. He was a meek little fellow whose few friends maintained had never once been known to lose his temper. Arthur waited on Flora hand and foot. He did remember before Flora took ill that things were not quite so bad, but with her illness Flora's disposition had become increasingly worse. Nothing Arthur did seemed right and it was impossible for him to please her.

As Arthur drove to work in the old Plymouth he wondered sometimes what it might be like without Flora; without that harsh shrill voice always badgering him, telling him what to do and when to do it. No doubt, Arthur admitted to himself, he would miss her if she should pass away, but at the same time, he could not help but think of the beautiful quiet that would ensue. Why, just think, he would be able to stay out Friday nights and sleep until all hours on Saturday. Why he might even take up golf; his weekends would be entirely his own.

Arthur dreamed and drove, longing for a life he could call his own but at the same time feeling a trifle guilty for thinking such thoughts as poor Flora lay in her bed with nothing but her magazines and television.

Down at the office Arthur was liked by all. His fellow employees marvelled at Arthur's complete devotion to his wife but at the same time felt sorry that Arthur was never able to join them after work for a drink or maybe to bowl a couple of games. The girls thought Arthur handsome in a shy reserved way. And Arthur was always willing to lend them enough for that hair-do between pay-days. They all thought Arthur "a prince of a guy," never complaining about the cross he had to bear and always a ready smile, no matter what time of day.

"Arthur, where have you been?" shrieked Flora, as soon as

Arthur closed the front door. "I distinctly told you six o'clock and here it is a quarter past. My poor stomach is rumbling something awful. You'd starve me right to death, you would."

Arthur stood at the foot of his wife's bed, surveying the huge mound of her obese body beneath the rumpled bed clothes and scattered magazines.

"Oh, and Arthur, empty the pot will you? It's under the bed."

Arthur gripped the tail board of Flora's bed until his knuckles showed white.

"Oh Flora," Arthur disgustedly. "Doctor Floyd said there was no reason you couldn't get up and use the bathroom."

"Doctor Floyd, Doctor Floyd!" Flora spat the words out. "What does that old quack know? Does he know the pain I suffer? Does he know how hard it is for me to breathe? That old coot couldn't doctor a sick cow. Now empty it Arthur, and for heaven's sake start supper."

Something snapped in Arthur's head then. He was somewhat surprised Flora did not hear it, for the snap was quite audible to Arthur. Arthur removed his glasses and tucked them into the breast pocket of his coat. Then, very calmly, he strode to the other twin bed, pulled back the bedspread, clutched up the pillow and turning, stood at the side of Flora's bed.

"What are you doing Arthur?" Flora asked. "I don't want another pillow, I want my supper."

Tears filled Arthur's eyes and spilled down over his cheeks. "I'm terrible sorry Flora," Arthur said apologetically. "But I think it's best for both of us." And so saying, Arthur pressed the pillow down over Flora's wide, staring, unbelieving eyes and gaping mouth.

There was no inquest. Old Doctor Floyd signed the death certificate declaring Flora's death due to coronary thrombosis. After all, everyone knew Flora had been bed-ridden for two years and that her eventual passing away was inevitable. The funeral was

quite simple, and Flora, having no close relatives, was attended by a few neighbours and friends from Arthur's office. They all expressed their deepest sympathy, but also suggested that possibly it was for the best - Flora being so helpless and all.

During the weeks following Flora's passing, Arthur underwent a total emotional, and even a somewhat physical change. Arthur emerged from his cocoon of mildness and evolved into a rather dashing chap eager to enjoy life and everything it had to offer. Gone was the shy smile and quiet. Gone too, was the old Plymouth. Arthur, with the money received from Flora's insurance had purchased a sleek red Jaguar convertible.

Furnished with his overwhelming personality, Arthur was viewed by his superiors at the office in an entirely new light. He gained promotion upon promotion, until at the end of two short years, his name adorned the brass plaque on the door of the Vice-President's office.

Arthur paused long enough during his meteoric rise to marry again. Arthur's new wife, Hillary, was a devastating red-haired creature and but half Arthur's own age. He loved to brag about his beautiful young wife to the boys at the club, saying as he slapped his listener on the back: "Hillary is broad where a broad should be broad."

It is unfortunate that the story does not end here -- but Fate, that intrepid stalker of us all decided it was time to deal Arthur a new hand.

It was raining that night as Arthur drove from the club and the Jaguar left a great fan-tail of spray in its wake. Arthur, warmed by the brandy he had consumed and also by the thought of his wife waiting at home, drove rapidly down the winding glistening-wet road; possible too rapidly for the slippery condition of the pavement, but Arthur considered himself a competent driver and the low-slung machine clung to the road as though it were on rails. Arthur was steering into a tight left turn when he saw her! Standing in the center of the road, grim-faced and tight-lipped, and oblivious to the wind and rain was Flora. Arthur screamed as he saw her in the full glare of the headlights, and jammed his foot down on the brake pedal. With all four wheels

locked the car turned round and round on the greasy asphalt, then tore through the retaining cables at the side of the road, becoming air-borne for a few seconds before it tumbled end over end down the muddy rain-soaked embankment.

Arthur survived the crash, but he was completely paralyzed from his neck to his toes. After months of being confined in hospital Arthur came home to make life for Hillary thoroughly miserable. Hillary had to care for Arthur as though he was a new born child. She had to feed him, bathe, and shave him, and suffer terribly under his constant screaming and cursing. The nurses Hillary hired lasted but a few days, for Arthur would send them packing with a string of obscenities assaulting their ears. Life was miserable for Arthur, and he saw no reason for not making everyone just as miserable.

Arthur had been shouting for Hillary for the better part of an hour when she finally came into his room accompanied by that young Baxter whom Arthur had brought home from the club on one or two occasions.

"I'm sorry," Hillary said. "Were you calling long Arthur? We-I was in the garden and didn't hear you. Oh, and Allan came by to say hello."

"Hi there old sport," Baxter said, slapping Arthur on his unfeeling shoulder. "Just popped in to say hi to an old buddy."

"Well you can go right out again Baxter," Arthur replied. I don't want visitors I want lunch." Arthur glared from Hillary to Baxter, his head swivelling back and forth like a pendulum. He knew Hillary had been seeing Baxter. I may be crippled thought Arthur but I'm not a fool.

Arthur noticed then that Hillary was crying. Her tears mixing with her mascara were leaving brown streaks down her cheeks. "I'm terribly sorry Arthur," Hillary said. "But I do believe it's best for us both."

When Arthur looked back at Baxter he saw Baxter standing over him and lowering a pillow towards his face. What puzzled both Hillary and Baxter later was why, with his last muffled breath, Arthur would beg forgiveness from Flora.



We erred again, although it was mainly on my part as when I edited the article on the Christmas concert for the last issue I never noticed the parts that were omitted by the reviewer. Our apologies for the oversight go out to Bill Anderson, John Hartford and Dave Duncan.

Most of the omissions came in the second half starting with the opening number which was basically a drum solo played by John Hartford. Charley LeBar, trombone; Alex Stoykovitch, clarinet; John Marier, guitar; and John Hartford, drums; played a number titled "Johnson's Rag" to open the half. In the middle of the piece John cut out and played an excellent drum solo, which was enjoyed by all.

Following this was the omission of Bill Anderson who put together and performed an excellent and mystifying magicians act complete with professional patter. Bill had balls disappearing and re-appearing, packages of cigarettes disappearing in a handkerchief and then re-appearing. His final feat was an escape trick and as he said it was the fastest escape in the history of Collins Bay. A fine finale to an excellent act.

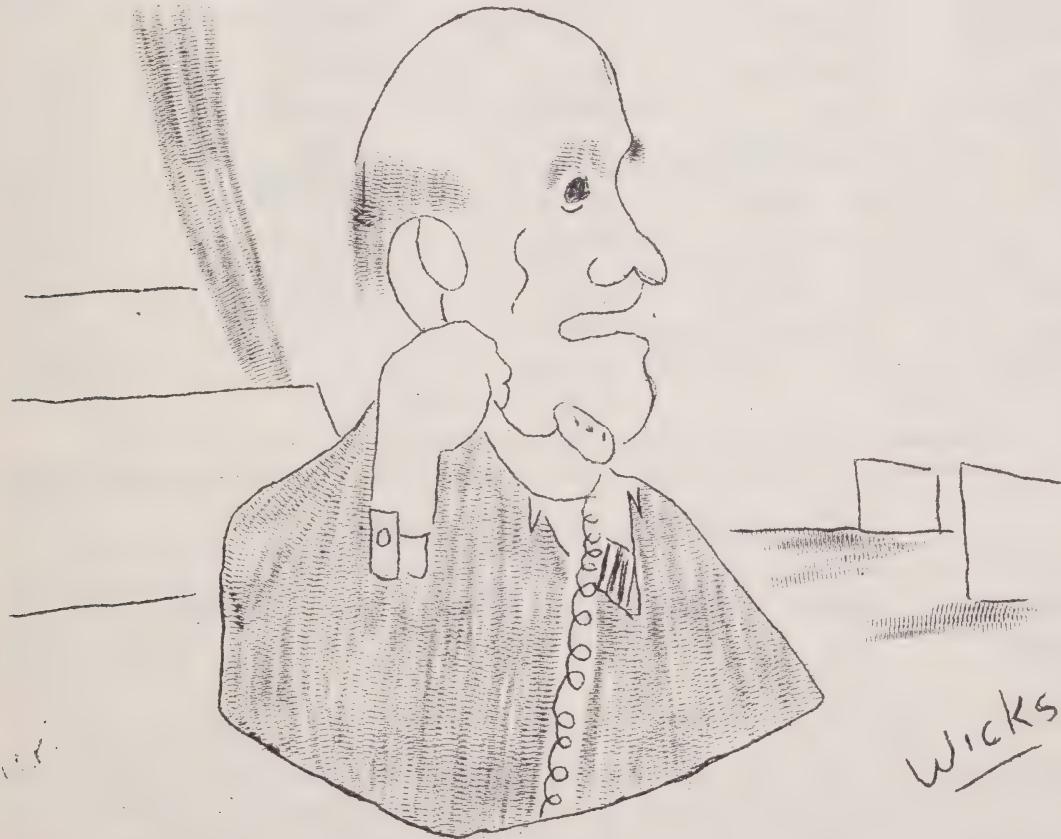
We also forgot to mention Dave Duncan who, all dressed up in a red dress and accompanied by Dave Ronco, came twist-

ing down the centre aisle with the spotlight on them. This occurred during the Friday night concert as the "Updowns" were playing their final number "What'd I Say." It really broke up the audience because after all how many people have ever seen anyone twisting in a red dress and hip rubbers.

All these people were a fine addition to the show and I'm sorry that they were omitted from the orginal write-up.

\*\*\*

From the "Beacon-Heral'd",



Hello, L.B.J.?  
Canada protests the new import taxes.  
Canada! C-A-N-A-

# Sports by Sarge

CURRENT TEAM LISTS for 1967/68.

<u>BLADES</u>	<u>MOHAWKS</u>	<u>PANTHERS</u>	<u>RAIDERS</u>
Owen	Farkas	Bent	Osborne
Alligood	Cranney	Thibideau	Debassige
Paquette	Beebee	Ouellette	Kuchoki
Huise	Thornton	King	Lebeuf
Villeneuve	Scott	Murray	Talbert
McNeil	MacDonald	Bennett	Sieps
Neto	McDonald	Venette	Phillips
Bond	Opatowski	Sword	Fernandes
Ignace	Donovan	Smith	Dufresne
Van Bree	Goudreault	Blanche	McGahey
Pryor	Lacouline	Mills	Leybourne, Mgr.
Barrens	O'Conner, Mgr.	Caron	
Kynock		Scammon	
Calvert, Mgr.		Moorish, Mgr.	

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TEAM STANDINGS AS OF JAN. 1968.

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>TIED</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
MOHAWKS	12	8	2	2	18
BLADES	12	7	3	2	16
RAIDERS	12	4	7	1	9
PANTHERS	12	2	8	1	5

\* \*

TOP TEN SCORERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GAMES PLAYED</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>PTS.</u>
Paquette	12	34	7	41
O'Conner	12	17	4	21
Cranney	12	13	6	19
Scott	12	10	5	15
Bond	12	7	5	12
Murray	12	8	4	12
Goudreault	11	9	3	12
Muisse	11	4	7	11
Alligood	12	6	4	10
Lebeuf	11	8	1	9

\* \*

TOP GOALIES

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GAMES PLAYED</u>	<u>GOALS AGAINST</u>	<u>AVERAGE</u>
Farkas	11	30 - Mohawks	2:08
Bent	10	34 - Panthers	3:04
Owen	6	19 - Blades	3:07
Osborne	12	50 - Raiders	4:02
Thibideau	7	37 - Panthers	5:02

\* \*

SPORTS TALK:

Manager J. Moorish is a little upset after losing his Super Star player, the one he gave up two players for and who managed to pick up 1 point in seven games for the Panthers. However, John has come up with Scaman to take his Super Star's place and it looks like he'll do a better job.

The Mohawks seem to be the hottest team in the league since the second half started, however, the Blades are still running a close second and the Raiders are currently holding down third spot but shouldn't be there for long. They have lost a few players to the outside and to camps. So far they have lost Lemuire, Deriger,

Henderson, Kaduke, and they are going to lose their goalie Osborne. You can easily see that Manager Leybourne has got some troubles. In addition to all this he has lost Blagdon due to the Doctor's orders.

We have lost one official over the past week. D. Kruse retired saying it is the short time but really he needs glasses. B. Henderson was added to the Officials and along with "Punchy" Kidder calls a pretty good game. However Manager Calvert would argue that point after the loss of a game 4 to 3 to the Mohawks on Thursday night. Getting back to the Officials, the other pair are made up of "Old Man" Cole and "Off-side" Hebert who has the fastest whistle in the Bay.

#### GAME OF THE YEAR!

The game of the year was played Friday night January 19, 1968. This game put the old men of the institution against the Kids, with the younger set coming up with an 8 to 6 victory. There were a few laughs for everyone and also some fine plays on both sides. The best goal scored during the night was scored by "Cheeky" Chisolm. It was a back hand shot from about five feet out, the only trouble was that it was on his own Goal.

I saw a few of the old guys Saturday and some of them looked pretty sore, Kruse seems to have come up with a back injury, and I think Glover and Albert the "Mad Barber" were moving very slowly in the meal parade this morning. Speaking of Albert the "Mad Barber", he had to be the funniest guy on the floor last night, all five (5) feet of him. When the play was at one end he was at the other end and the only time he got the puck was when he stash'd one in his pants, which he soon threw into the goal and then tried to tell the referee that he had scored. W. Antler managed the Oldtimers and who else but D. King would manage the Kiddies team.

The game ended with every player from both sides on the floor. I'm sure every one enjoyed the game and would like to see another but it would take at least a month for the Oldtimers to heal, so maybe the Commissioner will set up another game, a re-match in late February or early March.

## OUR REQUIREMENTS

Each month we intend to publish as many fiction articles as possible. These articles should be original but if a reprint is submitted we will certainly consider it but in that case we will need to be informed of the original source so that we can give the proper credit.

The suggested length for a fiction story is from 750 words to 1200 words, as space limitations don't allow us to print anything much longer. Exceptions will be made, however, if we feel the story merits it. Please submit all material to either the Diamond Box on the Strip or else to any member of the staff. All material becomes the property of the Diamond and is subject to being edited in order to conform to our requirements.

Anyone who feels that he has some talent for writing, either fiction, non-fiction, or poetry, please feel free to submit any material you wish published and we will certainly try to print it as soon as possible.

Any material submitted later than the 5th of any one month will not be considered for publication in that month. Therefore try and submit any articles you have as early as possible in order to allow us time to give the material the attention it deserves.

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## CRYPTOGRAM

One letter simply replaces another: (i.e.) WILLIAM would be written as XOBBLOR.

The letter formula in each cryptogram will be different. Here is your cryptogram for this issue. It is a very well known line from a famous play with the name of the speaker included.

ABC DFGHL JK HR RAOFHSCT.

VJOAHF

answer on page 34.

## THE BACHELOR'S DICTIONARY

by Ken Brebant

Most bachelors are always being set-up with blind dates by their well-meaning married friends. When a friend describes what the woman is like, the descriptions usually have a hidden meaning. These hidden meanings are governed by how much your "friend" wants you to become married and also by how close a friend he is of the woman involved.

So, in order to forewarn any of you bachelors who are blessed with matrimonially inclined friends, here are a few common descriptions with their literal translations:

1. "She has a tremendous sense of humour. She's a laugh a minute." It means: "She's fat."
2. "She has a lovely disposition, fine character, a spotless reputation and is dearly loved by all the women she works with." This means: "She's as ugly as homemade sin."
3. "She is easy going, low-key, and very casual." This means: "She's dressed like a slob and her apartment resembles a pig-pen."
4. "She's a good sport." This means: "She knows 500 dirty jokes and can drink you under the table."
5. "She's a dandy little housekeeper." This means: "She has been divorced three times and kept the house each time."
6. "She is ready to settle down." This means: "She is over 30, panicky and is dying to get married."
7. "She is very bright, has a terrific job, and is highly respected in her field." This means: "She is overbearing, domineering and she shaves."

.....

A T.V. commercial is the pause that depresses.



# MIND BINDERS

The commander addressed the three men. "For this mission I need the one who's quickest witted among you. Accordingly I've decided on a test. You'll all be blindfolded and a red or blue mark will be placed on your foreheads. When the blindfold is removed I want you to raise your hand the moment you see a blue mark on someone's forehead. Let there be no talking. As soon as you've figured out the colour of the mark on your own forehead, lower your hand."

When the blindfolds were removed all three raised their hands. In a little while one of the men lowered his hand and correctly called off the colour of his mark.....

How did he know?

Here are some missing letter puzzles. In the first one the same letter inserted eleven times in the right places will make a coherent sentence.

I E M E F A E D I I E I I G S

Try puzzling it out before looking at the answers.

Here is another one, said to have been found on an old English Tomb:

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N

V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N

The addition of just one letter in the right places turns it into a bit of moral advice.

Give up. Look on page 40.

# CROSSWORD

BY BILLY KETT

1	2	3		4	5	6	7		8	9	10	11
12				13					14			
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37	38	39				40						
41				42	43					44	45	
46				47					48			
49				50					51			

HIRE A PAROLEE

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE QUESTIONS

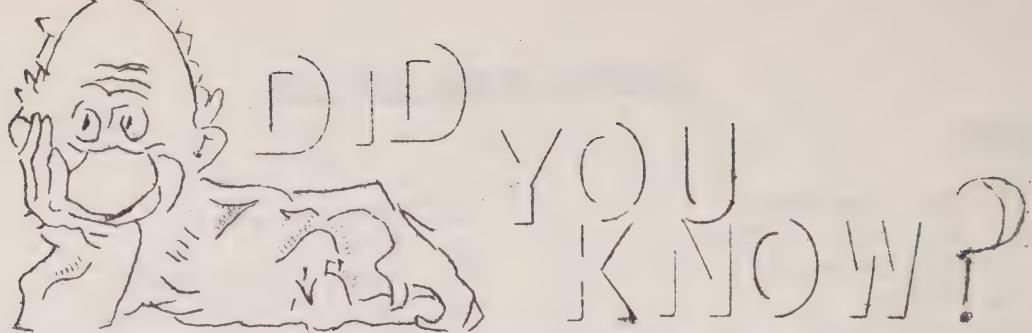
### ACROSS

1. Farm implement
4. Big mouthed fish
8. Baby carriage
12. Bother
13. Leave out
14. Lawn tool
15. Winter thrill
17. Bad
18. Reward
19. Be present
21. Smudge
23. Bitter plum
24. Founder of Pennsylvania
25. Foot holders
29. Craft
30. Blessed person
31. Born
32. Newly hatched bird
34. Russian ruler (anc.)
35. Cease
36. City in Montana
37. Enclose (As in a tomb)
40. Italian coin
41. Boundary
42. Defined position
46. Terrible Tsar
47. Famous violinist
48. Finish
49. Depend
50. Female nickname
51. Period

### VERTICAL

1. Owns
2. Lubricate
3. Parts
4. Hole maker
5. In the center
6. Man's nickname
7. Purloining
8. Prefix for beyond
9. Rant
10. Likened to
11. Pinochle term
16. College head
20. Legal wrong
21. Bridge
22. Simple
23. Period of time (Slang)
25. Pleasure craft
26. Not said
27. Fuel
28. Wither
30. Close loudly
33. Pricky
34. Rotate
37. Arab chieftain
38. Granular snow (Fr.)
39. Kind of duck
40. Prevaricates
43. Regrets
44. Individual unit (Reversed)
45. Insecticide

Answers on page 40



Boots were invented 907 years before the birth of Christ. You can be sure that they were made for walking.

\* \*

The greatest recorded slimming feat was that of the American circus fat lady, Mrs. Celesta Geyer 58, alias Dolly Dimple, reported in April 1959.

In 14 months she reduced from 554 lbs. down to 120 lbs. Her measurements went from 84-84-79 to 34-28-36.

\* \*

FALSE HAIR was introduced by the courtesans in Italy and first brought into England from France in 1572.

Here they've been blaming the 'Beatles' for the hair bit lately.

\* \*

Knives were first used in England about 1550, thereby taking half the fun cut of eating.

\* \*

Greenland, while an integral part of the Kingdom of Denmark is regarded as the largest island in the world. It has an area of 840,000 square miles.

\* \*

First balloon flight was made in 1782 by Jacques and Joseph Montgolfier of Annonay, France. They sent up a small smoke-filled balloon about mid-November.

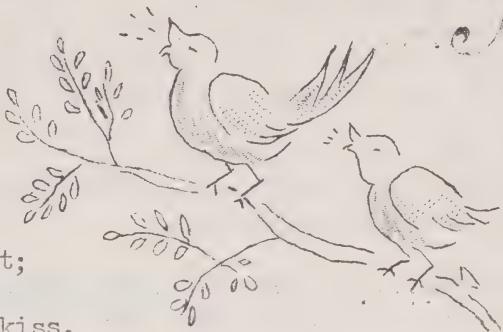
Things sure have progressed an awful long ways from those humble beginnings.

\* \*

# POETRY

## OUR WORLD by Paul Leybourne

The world we live in seems to me  
To be full of hate and bigotry,  
Take away the flower sweet  
And leave behind the chaff of wheat;  
Surrender not in what you miss,  
But, give in only to what you can kiss.



Life can be gentle if you've been  
Around the world and never seen,  
The poverty stricken people of fate  
Who reach forth their hand and call out mate,  
To ears that can only hear  
The life so sweet that is always near.

Too often these peoples words are missed  
By the other people whose lives with happiness are blessed,  
Ah, soon their attention will not be averted,  
And life for the poor might then be converted.

## SOCIETY by Riley

When I have paid my debt,  
And I run, from these four walls  
To freedom at last;  
You tell me to forget my past,  
For which I have already paid.  
Yet you - yourself, never forget,  
Nor let me forget!  
Do not pity me,  
You already regard me  
Less than a man.

SOLITUDE by W. Kett

SOLITUDE.....Aloneness, a barren cell,  
Makes heart and soul so chilled  
That man is man no more.

SOLITUDE.....A dreary living hell,  
Brings thoughts that cannot e'er be stilled,  
Turns heart stone to the core.  
No hope for what may lie ahead  
For what can be but more  
Deep bitter thoughts and SOLITUDE.  
All memory fades before.

SOLITUDE.....A sore and hated fate,  
No words of love to ever fall  
Upon a straining ear.

SOLITUDE.....The key to Hades gate.  
Beyond the realm of memories  
Of all a heart held dear;  
A sordid, cold and lonely life,  
A dungeon dank and deep:  
With nothing in the future  
But a tryst with Death to keep.

And when Death's shadow hovers o'er  
The dank pit SOLITUDE,  
The dying man with his final breath  
Asks nought of pity,  
But in gratitude  
He thanks his god for DEATH.

THE HAPPY MAN by Anonymous

Oh happy the man  
And happy he alone,  
He who, can call  
Today his own.  
He who, secure within  
Can say,  
Do your worst tomorrow  
For I've lived today.

### WOULD IT MATTER by Jimmy Oke

Upon my sill a robin played  
My worries and problems seemed to fade;  
In his frolicking, in his cheer  
I find escape from confinement here.

This is a jail where I'm immured,  
But he can't know, that's absurd,  
But if he knew, if aware,  
Would he alight on my window there?

### YOU AND YOUR SOUL by Earl Gottlieb

Do you know what it's like to really find you  
To find that your heart can be big and true;  
To find that your soul really needs somebody,  
Not just a love, a friend or a buddy.

It needs the affection and guidance you can give,  
It grasps on the need of you wanting to live;  
For if you do something unforgiving and wrong,  
It feels unwanted, and it doesn't belong.

Maybe, we go through the years trying to be,  
Someone we're not, trying to be free;  
Our soul needs the love that only we can offer  
Whether we be rich or living the life of a pauper.

When you know what it's like to really find you,  
Maybe then your soul will find out too.

### TOMORROW

They say that there is no tomorrow,  
Now ain't that a goll-darn shame.  
Cause if there's no tomorrow,  
Doin' time is a losing game.

DEUCES



WHAT DO YOU MEAN -- "THAT'S  
ALL YOU'RE TAKING TO CAMP"?

# READ WHAT P.P. OTHERS SAY

## BRITAIN ANNULS UNANIMOUS RULE

The Parliament of Great Britain in passing a new Criminal Justice Act, has done away with the requirement for unanimous verdict in criminal cases. Under the new act a 10-to-2 majority will be sufficient.

The Labour government was prompted to push through the bill because of the rising crime rate. One of the main arguments was that professional criminals with syndicates behind them are sometimes able to bribe or intimidate one juror. The result of this has been a divided verdict, acquittal, or at least a retrial.

The British National Council for Civil Liberties has questioned the Home Office's evidence on mounting intimidation of jurors. But, even with this objection the Home Office decided to push its jury proposal to extensive tryout.

THE MENTOR

---

## FLORIDA VIEWS RESULTS AFTER GIDEON RULE

Represa, Calif. (P.P.) - More than two years have passed since the U.S. Supreme Court handed down the Gideon decision in a ruling that gave moneyless suspects legal representation at public expense.

Florida freed 1,061 of 5,723 prisoners who filed motions for new trials following the Gideon decision.

Only 63 of the 1,061 have returned to prison after committing new crimes.

THE MENARD TIMES

---

JACKTOWN JABBER by Jim Kelly

MEN, IF YOU want to get along in this world, always remember the very first lesson in the art of self defense, keep your glasses on.

\* \* \*

YOU HAVE TO be impressed with these new wonder drugs. Now they've got one that's so powerful you can't take it unless you're in perfect health.

\* \* \*

SHE'S SUCH A sweet simple type. Last Christmas I gave her a pearl necklace, she took it from the case, threw it into a wall safe, slammed it shut, twirled the dial and said: "I really can't accept it."

From THE SPECTATOR

\* \* \*

Theives found a safe at a co-operative society dairy in Wigston, England, to be anything but that. The explosion they set off to open it only jammed the door.

They left empty-handed.

\* \* \*

On their way out after robbing a bank in Alton, Ill., of \$22,000, two armed men passed a woman employee coming from the vault. They ignored her.

Bank officials said the woman was carrying \$20,000 in \$20 bills.

\* \* \*

Nobody would really have the heart to arrest two men who tried to stage a robbery in Cheyenne, Wyo. They took only the bare necessities.

In their haste to escape after unsuccessfully attempting to get into a safe, one gunman shot his companion in the foot.

They returned, picked up bandages and medical supplies, and fled again.

WEEKEND MAGAZINE

\* \*

# Parade of Laffs

A little boy was saying his bedtime prayers in a low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," whispered his mother.

"I wasn't talking to you," prompted the little boy.

---

A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early boys," said the bartender. "He's not here yet."

---

An absent minded professor tripped on a staircase and fell all the way to the bottom. Picking himself up, he said, "I wonder what in the world all that noise was about."

"What did your wife say when you came home drunk last night?"

---

"Nothing. And I was going to have those front teeth pulled anyway."

---

Confusion is one woman plus one left turn; excitement is two women plus one secret; bedlam is three women plus one bargain; chaos is four women plus one luncheon check.

---

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer.

"I'd rather not. They were not words to tell a gentleman."

---

"Then," said the attorney, "whisper them to the judge."

## THE SWINGER

by Don Bailey

The buzzing fly woke him.

"God, what time is it?" he wondered aloud. His tongue was thick and swollen, while inside his mouth, a gluey substance choked him. A Shelley Berman line came to mind: "Give me my Bromo Seltzer." It wasn't funny though. He was sick! Beside him in the rumpled bed, his wife lay sleeping peacefully. He couldn't recall coming home, but son of a gun, somehow he'd managed it. What a night! Three nights actually and three days. He'd been gone since Saturday morning when, while doing the weekly shopping he'd met Wally. Come to think of it the groceries were still in the car. Probably rotten by now. Of course it was winter so maybe the cold would keep them. What the hell was a fly doing here in the winter time anyway? It landed on the blanket and he aquashed it. Pretty good, he thought and in the dark too. Probably an old one. The electric clock hummed on the bedside table and he looked at the luminous dial and saw it was four-twenty. Heart thumping rapidly he eased himself out of the bed and shakily got to his feet.

"Stupid pills can kill ya," he muttered, and the woman stirred but did not wake up. Those pills can kill ya, he thought. Never again. They keep ya going, but when they let ya down.....whew, you come down hard. Where'd I get them anyway? Oh yeah, that skinny broad Gail. What a nut! Pills and booze, that's all that bunch thinks about. We musta wrecked Wally's place. Everybody lovin' it up all over the place. I can't even remember the name of that fat one. So stoned, I couldn't do nothin' but sit there and stare at her. That's them pills for ya. No more for me. It's all right for them. None of them works. Wally's at the race-track every day. A course his people got money, that helps.

He groped his way into the dark kitchen and opened the refrigerator. His throat burned. The light came on and he saw that the pickings were pretty slim. Bowls with left-overs, a few eggs and some milk. That's what I need, he thought, some cow juice. He reached for one of the full quarts and saw by the green bottle cap, that it was buttermilk. Good, he liked buttermilk. He tore off the cap and tipped the bottle up to his lips and drank

deeply. The thick liquid cut through the grittiness in his mouth and the natural sourness of the drink washed away the other unfamiliar tastes left by his binge. God, he thought, putting back the half-empty bottle, that sure tasted good. Nothin' like a shot of butter-milk to help clear up a hangover. Have to remember to tell Wally that.

Slowly, he made his way back through the dark hallway to the bathroom. Switching on the light he brushed his teeth and rinsed his mouth. He hadn't shaved for three days and as he looked at his reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror he was startled by the heavy growth of beard. His eyes were watery, bloodshot and upon closer examination of his face he thought he looked much older than his twenty-three years. Those dark marks under my eyes should go away in a few days, he assured himself. A couple of good nights sleep. Let's face it, ya can't expect to be in perfect shape after a bash like that. He sat on the toilet and contemplated the adventures of the past few days. Boy, is Stella ever gonna blow her top. First time in the three years we've been married. A course when she had the baby I fooled around a little, but she didn't know about it, so it didn't matter. Jesus, missed work too.

"Ah, to hell with them all," he said loudly. He flushed the toilet and noisily found his way to the living-room and after much searching located a cigarette. Stretching out on the couch, he smoked contentedly. Gees, now I feel great. Must be those pills still workin' on me, he told himself. Or maybe I've got one of those special constitutions like Wally said. Some people can just booze and party forever and it never hurts them. Look at me, here I've just been partying for three whole days and I still feel great. I ain't gonna take crap from Stella though, and I'm not gonna argue with her either. If she doesn't like it, I can always leave. Didn't Wally tell me I could stay at his place any time I wanted. He even wanted me to go to the track with him today. There'll probably be another party to-night too. Well if she tries to give me any trouble, that's it. I'll just walk out. I wish I could remember that fat broad's name. Maybe she'd appreciate me.

Just then the light snapped on and he had to close his eyes against the glare. Standing in the door-way was a young dark-haired woman clad in a faded negligee, but still looking attractive, especially when the hour is considered.

"So," she said, "You finally decided to come home."

"I've been home for hours," he said sulkily.

"Well, I couldn't care less," she said, unemotionally, "But your work called and wondered where you were. Apparently they're busy of something."

"Wha'd ya tell 'em?" he asked eagerly.

"What could I tell them. I just said you were sick and that you'd try and be in today."

"Gees Stella, thanks a lot," he said in relief. "Ya really told them the truth, cause I was sick. Mental. Look, I'm real sorry about the week-end."

"Forget it. I don't want to hear about it," she said. "If you're going to make it to work today, you better come back to bed and get some sleep."

"Yeah," he said, and suddenly he felt very tired.

FINI



We have dated this issue January and February in order to get back on a regular monthly basis. All of our subscribers expiry dates have had a month added so that everyone will receive their twelve (12) issues.

One other thing we would like to mention is that we do not mail notices of expiration. If your subscription is near expiry and you have not renewed it, please do it now. We would hate to lose you as a reader.



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This article was submitted to me for printing and while it is a reprint I felt that it was entertaining enough to be run again. It comes from a DIAMOND of a few years ago. Hope you enjoy it.

#### FOUND IN THE MAIL BOX

Dear Momma Mia;

Theesa is truely tha goldena lond. Thcy brceng me to a beega place with greata walls of stones alla round (so's I not be bothered weetha peddlars and people who all time trya to sella me somotings) and they geeva to me my own preivate room, weeth running water (alla cold, somting musta been broked ina the pipes cause there never any hota wata) but anyways, thcy geeva me thisa lectle room wetha nice bed - kinda hard, but nice (musta be some crokes here though, causa they gooa my bed bolted to the wall; you theenk they donta trust me, maybe?) And theysa got thesa men in the blue suits to looka after me, they opens the dohrs for me, and keeps the peoples outsides fr- om breaking into thisa fine place, and theysa looka afta me good, even walk up and downa in fronta my rooms alla night so no one can bo-

ther me while I'ma sleepa: but thesa is funny mans, alla times they is counting, they counta in merin and they counta at noon and they counta at night alla times they looka and counts, I tink they must lose somting.

And theysa feeda me here (I theenk itsa feed) three timsa day I'sa getta thisa tin tray alla covered with (UGH) feeda (for dinner I hadda nice hard, beans, spotted with white sauce froma pudding and some nice colda dish (oops) tea, so itsa not the Waldorfia, in facts its not evena the beanery, but its free - and theys give me a nice job - breakin rocks - boyoboys am I getting gooda at my job, one swing witha my sledga hanma and booms - lotsa leetle rocks ( I wonder though, what for theysa want alla theset leetle rocks?) And theysa geeve me nice browna pants and a blue shirt and everythings, with numbers all over so I wonta loose thems, and theysa evena wash a thems for me heer - and everys couple weeks theys geeva me moneyios to spend on meselfs, foolish like ( and theysa says ifa I be reel goods theys gonna give me a raise, boyoboyoboy I can hardly waits.)

Momma Mia - youa tella my brudder Tony - hesa better hurry up and come over heers, I gotta rooma all reddy for hima, but I cannt hold onto it too longs, people like thees placa so much they keep havink to throw somes out and getting new ones in, but I gonna stay, they not gonna gets me outta here, no sirreec.

Bye for nows,  
Guiseppe.

\* \*

#### ANSWER TO CRYPTOGRAM:

The Quality of Mercy is not strained.

PORTIA.

\* \*

What is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after.

Ernest Hemingway.

# ABODASS

We have lost our regular reviewer, Charles Day, through parole but we will attempt to struggle along.

Mr. Cole, the Library Officer, is still looking for book suggestions for this year's book order. He has received quite a few since we last mentioned this and the suggestions are appreciated. If anyone has any further suggestions, drop them into the School and Library Box on the Strip, addressed to Mr. Cole, or give them to him on library nights.

And now we will give our opinions of some of the books presently on the shelves.

## YELLOWSTONE KELLY by Clay Fisher

This book, while it appears to be a fictional adventure romance in the best traditions of the old West is actually based upon the memories of a remarkable man. The story is not strictly biographical but such was this man's life that it is impossible to elaborate on his real-life adventures.

The man. Luther Sage Kelly, more commonly known as Yellowstone Kelly.

The book is filled with action, starting when Kelly and his companions become embroiled in a battle with the Sioux led by Gall, Sitting Bull's war chief. The Sioux want Kelly to cure a captive of theirs who had been shot. Kelly goes with them, and is startled to find out that the captive is a girl, Beautiful Evening, who had been shot in the leg during the Sioux raid on her village. Kelly operates to the best of his ability and thus earns the girl's gratitude and as it turns out, love.

From this point on the action picks up steadily, with a triangle formed between Kelly, Gall, and Red Paint for the girl.

Kelly succeeds for awhile but then Red Paint manages to kidnap the girl and flee with her into the Yellowstone area.

This takes place shortly after the massacre of General Custer when the Sioux are out in full force to drive the white men from their land. The story continues with Kelly dividing his time between helping the Army and searching for the girl.

This particular era of Kelly's life comes to an end with the smashing of the Sioux Nation and as for the girl, well, best you read the book.

#### FOR YOUR EYES ONLY by Ian Fleming

Here is an entertaining assortment of secret agent 007 tales from the pen of the master Ian Fleming.

There are five separate incidents dealt with between the covers, each one an exciting and intriguing adventure in the life of that ever resourceful secret agent James Bond.

The first short story, From a View to Kill, finds James faced with having to discover what is behind the slaying of a Royal Corps dispatch rider.

Once Bond discovers the why, which is a concealed spy cell concerned with stealing top secret dispatches, then he has to find a way to destroy the Russian hideout. The whole story leads up to a satisfactorily combative ending.

The book continues in the same vein right through, ending with the story "The Hildebrand Rarity."

The title is actually the name of a prize fish which at the end is used as a murder weapon in a very diabolical.

This is an excellent collection of Bond stories, well worth reading or for that matter re-reading.

\* \*

When we pray for death we really desire a fuller life.

M  
U  
S  
I  
C



The "Beastic" gigs again! The editor succeeded in penetrating one of my meditation sessions and convincing me that it was time for another column from the 'awareness pen' of the old Beastie. So in order to keep him from blowing his cool and also to keep my readers from falling behind in their facts I'm back again to impart of my knowledge.

Keep cool, sit back, smoke if you wish, and assimilate knowledge man!

Last month I started writing about the Christmas concert music and got shot down. Bet they're sorry now because at least I wouldn't have goofed like them. They'll know better next time, cause the Beastie doesn't miss much, not like some people! I offered to write about what was missed but was told that it has been already fixed-up. Hope so!

At the present time there isn't much happening in here as far as organized music goes. Everyone is off practicing on their own, (man, are some of them off) and there seems to be a steady improvement in a few of the musicians.

We've lost a few musicians through transfers and releases and what not, however, we have gained one very good guitarist in the past few weeks. I'm sure anyone who has heard him will agree with me and anyone who hasn't heard him don't know what they're missing. Sure hope some more musicians of his calibre come in soon, then everyone can get together and practice so that they'll be all set for the next concert if and when there is one before Christmas. Sad lack of entertaining concerts here, poor old "Beastie" gets so disheartened.

But! I do have the radio and man the sounds that come out of that are a real blast. (I have quite a few people tell me that is cause the thing is too loud but NEVER I say\$)

Any of you ever listened to compositions by Wagner? That cat had everything, thunder, lightening, the complete scene. No wonder Hitler liked him. Compared to Wagner some of the psychedelic groupies nowadays are nothing. (See how cleverly I got onto the subject of modern music! Ain't I smart?) There is a group that even when they destroy they create. (Sound like a riddle?) In some of their numbers it may not sound like music they are creating but they sure do create a mood. With them who needs LSD. Now that I'm in here that's how I take a "trip", lay back and listen to the WHO then, whoo I can see for miles.

The way I see it they are one of the orginal psychedelic groups if not the orginal seeing as they started playing that type of music way back in '64. Yeah man, they just found their thing and did it, and kept on doing it until everyone started to listen. The excitement they generate on a record is fantastic and it would really be a turned-on act seen live. Wish there was some way I could arrange it in the near future. (Please Batman, come and help me instead of letting them send you to Vietnam!) Maybe we (Batman and me) can work it out. That would be fun.

For those of you who have become hysterical over that nasty scare rumour started by some turned-off milknik, don't worry,

Mary Poppins is alive and well in Mexico City. She sends her regards.

Now that I have ~~bailed~~ all you hysterical cats and birds down (there must be a few birds that read this rag) all that is left for this month is for me to pick the "Beastie's" big TOP TEN. See how the old editor has loosened up. That's cause I write such an interesting and exciting column. Now if everyone would only tell him this is so that I wouldn't have to write so many letters to him myself telling him where it is at.

1. Woman, Woman	Union Gap
2. Green Tambourine	the Lemon Pipers
3. Next Plane to London	the Rose Garden
4. She's a Rainbow	Rolling Stones
5. Love Me Two Times	the Doors
6. Judy in Disguise	John Fred & his Playboy Band
7. Susan	Buckingham's
8. Skinny Legs and All	Joe Tex
9. I Can Take or Leave Your Lovin'	Herman's Hermits
10. Now That I've Found You	the Foundation

I do my best! To go back to archaic phraseology: "Later gater." Byeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

\* \*

#### EDUCATIONAL NOTE

A PAPER CLIP is a very useful article. It can be used for many things and quite often is. A paper clip, straightened out can be used as a key for small locks, a pipe cleaner, a fingernail diggerouter or an ordinary piece of wire.

If you bend a paper clip in different positions, it can be used to hold up pants or even to take the place of a missing bolt on your carburettor, generator or starter. Quite often you will find paper clips in an office where they are used to hold pieces of paper together. Please pay close attention to these little educational notes as you will find all this knowledge very valuable if trapped in a burning building. It may not save your life but it will give you something to think about while you are screaming.

\* \*

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

## ACROSS

1. Hoe	30. Saint
4. Bass	31. Nee
8. Pram	32. Nestling
12. Ail	34. Tsar
13. Omit	35. Halt
14. Rake	36. Butte
15. Sledride	37. Entomb
17. Evil	40. Lira
18. Meed	41. Meer
19. Attend	42. Oriented
21. Smear	46. Ivan
22. Sloe	47. Auer
24. Penn	48. End
25. Stirrups	49. Rely
29. Art.	50. Tess
	51. Dot

## VERTICAL

1. Has	23. Stint
2. Oil	25. Sailboat
3. Elements	26. Unstated
4. Borer	27. Peat
5. Amid	28. Sere
6. Sid	30. Slam
7. Stealing	33. Thorny
8. Preter	34. Turn
9. Rave	37. Emir
10. Akin	38. Neve
11. Meld	39. Teal
16. Dean	40. Lies
20. Tort	43. Rue
21. Span	44. Eno
22. Mere	45. D.D.G.

## Answers to MIND BINDERS:

1. The winner reasoned this way: "I see blue marks on both the other's foreheads. If my mark were red then the reason they both raised their hands was that they saw blue marks on each others foreheads, but not on mine. That being the case, one of them would have been smart enough to drop his hand right away, knowing he must have a blue mark."

"But since neither dropped his hand my mark can't be red. The fox of a commander must have stuck a blue mark on me too."

\* \*

The first missing letter puzzler should read:

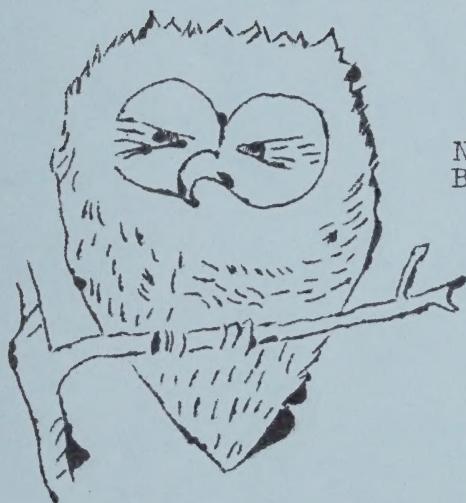
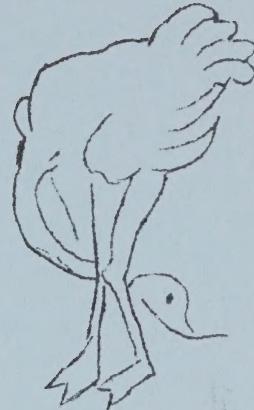
NINE MEN FANNED IN NINE INNINGS.

The second:

PERSEVERE YE PERFECT MEN EVER KEEP  
THESE PRECEPTS TEN.

\* \*

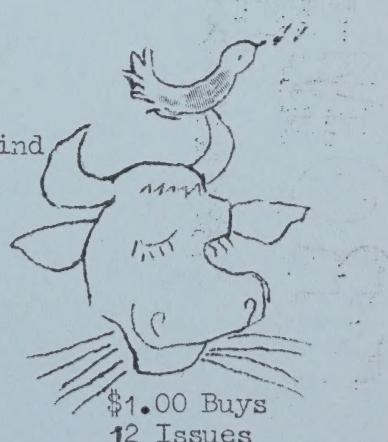
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